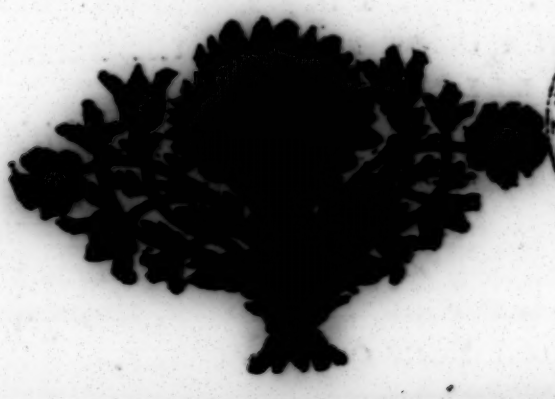
A POEM ON THE ARRIVAL OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS Prince FREDERICK.



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1.

To the Right Honourable the

LORD *MALPAS*,

Maſter of the Horſe to His Royal Highneſs PRINCE FREDERICK: One of the Lords of the ADMIRALTY, and Knight of the moſt Honourable Order of the BATH.

My LORD,

AS an *Engliſhman*, and a true Lover of my Country, I cou'd not ſuppreſs the ſtrong Impulſes of Zeal and Duty, occaſion'd by the agreeable Surprize of the Arrival of His ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE FREDERICK.

THESE Inducements made me Bold; but Your Lordſhip's Favour and Protection alone, can make me Safe: The unſpeakable Diſtance between His ROYAL HIGHNESS and Me, obliges me to ask your Lordſhip's Aſſiſtance to obtain the Honour of laying this POEM at His ROYAL HIGHNESS's Feet.

YOUR well-known Character, my Lord, makes the unprejudic'd Part of Mankind behold Your Advancements with Pleaſure: I beg Leave to congratulate Your Lordſhip upon being rais'd to the Honour of being a Mark for PUBLICK ENVY.

I DON'T know but even Malice, it ſelf, may have leſs Power to make Your Lordſhip uneaſy than PUBLICK PRAISE: And ſince my Deſign, at preſent, is to procure Your Lordſhip's Patronage, I ſhall pay a juſt Regard to Your Lordſhip's Modeſty, though (by ſo doing) I am wanting to Your other Virtues.

I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Obedient,

Humble Servant.

A POEM

On the ARRIVAL of His *Royal Higneſs* Prince FREDERICK.

FROM ROYAL TOMBS, We change the awful Scene,
To ſhining Courts! A KING! A PRINCE! A QUEEN:
So the gay Sun ſucceeds Hail-ſtorms in *May*,
And *Philomel* the Thunder of the Day.

THE daring Muſe her choiceſt Tribute brings,
Diſdaining humbler Themes, ſhe, ſoaring, ſings,
Of Noble Subjects, and of future Kings.
Britannia's Peers before their PRINCE ſhall riſe!
A glorious Scene to *Albion*'s raviſh'd Eyes!
O were I equal to the great Deſign!
Or cou'd I boaſt, O YOUNG! an Art like thine;

No conſcious Fears wou'd, then, my Thoughts alarm,
But, like the Theme, ſhou'd the Deſcription charm.

LIKE STARS that, numberleſs, adorn the Skies,
The *Britiſh* Peers, with various ORDERS, riſe!
Vain the Attempt to paint the dazling Throng:
Some choſen Few ſhall grace my daring Song.

O DODINGTON! the Muſe invokes thy Name!
Thou darling Son of *Phœbus*, and of Fame!
You beſt can write (and in a Nobler Strain)
The opening Wonders of our Monarch's Reign.

GREAT WALPOLE riſes with ſuperiour Senſe!
The firſt in Judgment, and in Eloquence:
At Worth, like His, malicious Cenſures riſe,
There Envy glares with her diſtorted Eyes;
The Happy PATRIOT ſcorns th'unequal Foe;
And ſlights the *Little Cavillers* below.

ESSEX, and ALBERMARLE, the Court refines;
In Them Politeneſs elegantly ſhines!

MALPAS, diſtinguiſh'd, will, by Worth, improve
His PRINCE's Favour, and His Country's Love.

CARTERET the juſt, benevolent, and wiſe,
Hibernia's Loſs of Antient Kings ſupplies:
Inur'd to Toil, He bears that Kingdom's Weight,
Directs her Councils, and ſupports her State.

FROM Bribes ſecure, Good KING performs His Truſt;
Averſe to Ill, and obſtinately Juſt.
He owns an eaſy Mind (a Happy Throne!)
His Peace all inward, and his Joys His own.

AT TOWNSHEND's Name! the Muſe elated ſings;
And mounts exulting on triumphant Wings!

When

When Faction reign'd, the Patriot firmly ſtood,
A ſingle BARRIER for His Country's Good:
A Dread to Rebel-ſons behold him ſtand;
And with his prudent Counſels bleſs the Land.

GALLANT, and brave, great SCARBOROUGH remains;
In Camp and Court alike the Warriour reigns;
But All oppos'd to CHESTERFIELD, ſubmit
To his engaging, and His piercing Wit.

In MANCHESTER is ev'ry Virtue joyn'd,
Of ſoft Addreſs, and an accompliſh'd Mind.

In RICHMOND's Soul each winning Grace refines;
Greatneſs, by Wiſdom poliſh'd, brighter ſhines.

Muſe, raiſe thy Voice to BEAUFORT's ſpotleſs Fame;
BEAUFORT's Deſcent from Royalty proclaim:
Virtues and Honour's center in the Name.

In GRAFTON's Air an innate Grandeur lies,
The Juſt, the Brave, the Temp'rate, and the Wiſe
Adorn His Face, and ſparkle in His Eyes.

Hail MONTAGU! Illuſtrious, Brave and Great,
Grandeur in Thee appears in Native State;
But MONTAGU declines the publick Stage.
And ſhuns the Plaudits of th' admiring Age.

To Great NEWCASTLE *England* owes much Praiſe,
Who ſerv'd Her drooping Intereſt various Ways:
Nobly He gave with a diffuſive Hand,
And ſpread the Great Example through the Land.

" A Love of Learning, and a Judgment clear,
" An Elegance refin'd, a Soul ſincere;
" In one bright View th' accompliſh'd DUKE we ſee:
" Theſe are the Virtues, DORSET, Thou art He.

Courage

Courage and Honour live in ARGYLE's Soul!
As Active as the Sun, fix'd as the Pole:
Mars and *Bellona* have adorn'd His Head,
Around are all the Warlike Enſigns ſpread;
Nor is the Laurel-prize with-held by Fame,
Her tuneful Accents loudly ſound his Name.

By RIGHT, by CHOICE, your FATHER mounts a [Throne,
Our *Engliſh* Laws and Language are His Own;
Belov'd the MONARCH reigns; while pregnant Fame,
Teems with eternal Triumphs of His Name!
From ROYAL GEORGE (whom Heaven ordain'd to Bleſs)
All *Europe* fears Revenge, or hopes Redreſs:
Happy and ſure that Sov'raign's Rule muſt prove,
Who founds His Greatneſs on His Subjects Love,
Whoſe Soul is large, as the Capacious Main,
To whom the Injur'd never plead in vain;
Smoothly it flows in Mercy's gentle Streams,
And ſhines as clear as *Luna*'s ſilver Beams.

On the right Hand, with Heavenly Grace, is ſeen,
A Happy MOTHER! and a Charming Queen!
To Her alone BRITANNIA owes Encreaſe,
Her preſent Bleſſings, and her future Peace:
In Beauteous ANNA's Form, HER Grace appears;
HER Wit and Senſe in WILLIAM's blooming Years:
HER matchleſs Worth, from what High Race ſhe ſprung,
Has been the Subject of a lofty Song:
But oh! the Treaſures of HER ROYAL BREAST,
Are too Divine, to be by Words expreſs'd:
The Muſe reſigns —— her feeble Numbers faint ——
And Thought alone, the Virtues there, muſt paint.

All Hail, Great PRINCE! BRITANNIA ſmiles, to ſee
Brave BRUNSWICK's Features live ſo ſtrong in Thee!
Your Faithful *Britons* give their chearful Voice,
And Her *Welch* Sons, in antient Notes, rejoyce;

No

No longer now, their Harps remain unſtrung,
Never again to be on Willows hung;
Each ſportful Swain his nimble Finger flings,
With careleſs Eaſe, acroſs the trembling Strings;
From String to String, in various Notes, they fly,
And ev'ry Sound, and ev'ry Meaſure try.

Welcome, Great STRANGER, to the *Engliſh* Shore;
Enrich'd with You, BRITANNIA asks no more.
Her joyful Subjects joyn their Loyal Pray'r,
And thus th' O'erflowings of their Hearts declare:
" TITLES are needleſs, to beſpeak his Race,
" Since Heav'n has ſtamp'd DOMINION on His Face;
" For in His Princely Form diſtinctly live,
" All Royal Rights, His Father-Kings, could give:
" In His commanding Air, We mark their State;
" In His ſweet Words, their Wiſdom, and their Weight;
" Warm, in His generous Breaſt, their Courage lies,
" And all their Power, and Mercy, in His Eyes.

Thus ENGLAND ſpeaks; and Guardian Angels wait,
On FRED'RICK's riſing Fame, and *Europe's* Fate;
Her Subjects now this valu'd Bleſſing boaſt,
That Faction, in the gen'ral Joy, is loſt;

SCIENCE and ARTS their Influence will ſhed,
And Learning raiſe her venerable Head:
The tuneful Train will ſtrike the ſounding Lyre,
And Poets write with true Poetick Fire.
All Theſe will, now, with Emulation ſtrive,
And antient *Engliſh* Wit again revive:
Thus Arts with Arts will vie, and All will be
INSPIR'D, PROTECTED, and ADORN'D BY THEE!

So ſome broad Oak, by Nature's Bounty made,
Kindly to caſte a wide, befriending Shade;

Within that fruitful Spot around is ſeen,
High-bladed Graſs of a refreſhing Green;
The fainting Traveller does there retreat,
To loſe the ſcorching Sun-beams painful Heat:
Thither the Songſters of the Wood repair,
To ſpread their Wings, and ſip the cooling Air;
Herbs, Flowers, and Plants, their timely Off'rings give,
And ſafe, beneath that GREAT PROTECTION, live.

FINIS.